

SONG OF THE WHEELS

Wheels of the prairie are singing to me . . .
Chuckling wheels, in a symphony . . .

Wheels as they munch on a buffalo bone . . .
Then take up the trail through the vast unknown.

Tired and hungry, aching wheels,
Winding the miles on their axle-reels.

Sad wood winds, like a lone tree sighing
Under its load . . . the just one dying . . .
Dying! But never to foul the grave . . .
And a new note rises strong and brave!

Wheels that carve in the stony face
Of a giant mountain the time and place
When courage passed over in wagon trains . . .
A wagon wheel marks the last remains
Of one too weary to carry on,
And a choir of wheels chants a funeral song.

Wheels that chime with a wedding tune;
Wheels that muster a staunch platoon;
Marching wheels, with a martial beat;
Tinkling wheels for dancing feet;
Wheels that echo the wild wolfe's cry;
Soft wheels humming a lullaby . . .

"Song of the righteous . . . a prayer unto me . . ."
Father, accept of this symphony.

Ora Pate Stewart

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